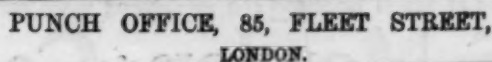


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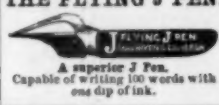
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"IN DEUTSCHLAND GEMACHT."

(A Forecast.)

["FOXES MADE IN GERMANY."—Considerable indignation is being aroused in the hunting districts of the Midland counties, especially among agriculturists, in consequence of the importation of foxes bred in Germany. In Bedfordshire, for instance, owing to the scarcity of cubs, and in order that sport may be assured during the coming season, a large number of young foxes have been brought over and liberated in various parts of the county. Farmers are loud in their protestations against the practice, and allege that they are sustaining frequent and heavy losses by Reynard's nightly visits to their homesteads. The German fox is described as being even more vicious than his English namesake.

Daily Telegraph, August 30.]

A DIARY OF A DINNER.

Het Sloove-Kootsch Hotel,
Amsterdam.

September 9, 1897.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As we are in despair of getting anything to eat this evening, and want to get out to the "Stadschouburg" Theatre, or the "Panopticum," or somewhere, I venture to forward you the annexed distressing document, in case you can use your world-wide influence with our Head Waiter, and induce him to hurry up a bit. Our experiences are only too typical of many continental dinners. I copy the notes on my menu, and hope they speak for themselves, and for years in high dudgeon.

Z.Y.X.

6 P.M.—The bell rings for *table d'hôte* punctually. We, as punctually, troop into a fine saloon. Forty-three in number, we include French artists with black neckties as big as sashes, German students with raucous voices that never stop, a stray

American or two, some nondescript Britons, and the rest "various," in game-book language. We sit down.

6.10.—Enter three and a half waiters—the fraction being a very small boy with a large head and a swallow-tail coat down to his heels. We decide to call them FRITZ, CARLO, HENRIK, and JAN, in accordance with their evidently mixed nationalities. The Head Waiter only looks on.

6.21.—FRITZ arrives with the *Potage purée Croûtons* (I quote textually from the menu).

6.22.—We have finished the *potage*. I eat a piece of bread. Nothing else occurs till

6.29.—When CARLO clears away our soup-plates. We regard him gratefully, and consult the menu.

6.33.—HENRIK strolls round casually with a couple of cold plates, which

6.35.—FRITZ removes again, substituting warm ones. *Faute de mieux*, we reconsult the menu.

6.40.—CARLO presents me with a fork, presumably on loan. I thank him, and enter the fact on the menu.

6.42.—JAN turns up with *Filets de Soles Joinville pommes nat*, which are speedily disposed of. We begin to inspect our watches not unostentatiously.

6.51.—Clean plates, and a fresh flicker of hope, alas! ill-founded. We now know the bill of fare by heart, and have partially lost our tempers. The illustration of a Benedictine monastery on the card has by this time ceased to interest us.

6.55.—CARLO comes within three tables of ours, and retires.

6.56.—JAN picks up a napkin on the table and puts it down again, in the aimless manner of an "Auguste" at the circus.

7.0.—We work a rule-of-three sum to the effect that, if two courses take one hour, the whole dinner of seven will require three hours and a half. This looks promising. We intimate as much to HENRIK, who totally fails to understand Anglo-Saxon sarcasm.

7.2.—Joy! JAN appears with *Gigot d'Ecosse à la Dubarry*. Come, we are getting on! We shall have a meat breakfast, anyhow.

7.10.—Plates changed. The waiters eye my notes suspiciously, especially as I am entered as a "journalist" in the hotel-book. Result is that

7.14.—HENRIK hands me a fresh knife, as a sort of peace-offering. I go through pantomime of starving man. CARLO has a fit behind a screen.

7.21.—Plates removed inexplicably. Query, is the dinner thus long drawn out, to impress us with the importance of the hotel, the antiquity of Amsterdam, the general stability of the Dutch character, or what?

7.35.—We revolve plans of arson, larceny, letters to the *Times*, and landlordicide.

7.47.—*Paupiettes de veau aux petits pois*. Further comments are needless.

7.59.—CARLO looks in upon us, and explains that the next course is on the way.

8.10.—We give it up, and leave the room, shaking the bread-crumbs off our laps at the rest of the *table d'hôte*.

HONOUR TO HINDOSTAN!

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

WHEREVER there floats the Empire Flag
Let the story be told and told
Of the courage of men, who made no brag,
But died in their frontier-hold!
Died for a Queen they had never seen,
For an Empress who reigned afar;
Died for the glory of what had been,
And the honour of India's Star!
Put down their lives for the common weal
That makes all our Empire One,
And gives us the silent pride we feel
When we speak of the unset sun.
Wherever there floats the Empire Flag,
On continent, island, or sea,
Let the story be told of the frontier-hold
That was kept, and ever will be,
By the men—what matter if brown or
black?—
Who could die for the rag called the Union
Jack!

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (still lurking amid shadow).—Q. Why is the eighth kitten of a cat like a sea horror?
A. Because she's an octo-puss.



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

Custom House Officer (to sufferer). "Now, Sir, will you kindly pick out your Luggage! It's got to be examined BEFORE YOU LAND."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Swain discourses on an Autumnal Rose.

THE waning of the year has come,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
And yet we are no nearer home.

(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
This rose, which surely must be last,
Unites the Present with the Past,
And still our sky is overcast!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)

This rose, akin to one in June,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
When Eros sang another tune!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
I pluck these autumn petals frail,
That could withstand the last night's
gale,
And plucking them—again that wail!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)

Poor little rose! I love you well,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
Your sympathy has roused the spell,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
Faint is the fragrance of your scent,
An aftermath of bloom storm-rent;
You are not broken, only bent!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)

I am not broken, only bent!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
This rose has taught me love was lent,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
It tells of days of joy and pain,
Of sunshine time and time of rain,
Of castles built, may be in Spain!
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)

This autumn rose is more than sweet
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
In cool September's doubtful heat,
(Did you deceive, or I believe?)
Old memories come, old thoughts arise!
Old treasures of the heart I prize!
If only I could see your eyes!
Did you deceive? I still believe!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY undertakes a delicate and difficult task in the appraisal of fellow-craftsmen in the art of fiction. That he brings to it a cheerful assurance is testified by the title. *My Contemporaries in Fiction* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is somewhat elliptical for conveyance of the precise meaning the author obviously has in his mind. He does not mean, as strict interpretation of the phrase implies, that he, Mr. HARDY, Mr. CLARK RUSSELL, Mr. BARRIE, and others of whom he writes, are fictitious characters. What is unmistakably clear in the title is its frank egoism. Mr. MURRAY is just the man, in other circumstances, to have written, *Ego et Rex*. Which makes more charming his severe rebuke of Miss CORRELL for her "self-approving hysteria" and his lament over CHARLES READE's "fashion of intruding himself on his reader." But if he is constitutionally, sometimes comically, egotistical, there is, my Baronite assures me, a real noteworthy *Ego* behind. The little volume is, from first page to last, full of keen, sound, informing criticism, the literary style of its setting forth being of itself a delight. This sensation will perhaps not be shared by Miss CORRELL and Mr. HENRY JAMES, for the sting of disparagement is sharpened by the conviction borne in upon the disinterested reader that



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XV.

*Jack (singing at the top of his voice).—**"THERE'S ONLY ONE GIRL IN THE WORLD FOR ME!"—Popular Song.*

Mr. MURRAY not only possesses critical faculty in the highest state of training, but that, in approaching his self-appointed task, he has honestly endeavoured to set aside personal prejudice.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET IN THE COLONIES—AND AFTER.

(News in advance kindly furnished by Our Prophet Reporter.)

Canada.—Mr. A-ST-N CH-MD-RI-N, having bowled and batted admirably in both innings, was listened to with marked attention when he delivered a lecture upon the policy of his right hon. father.

Australia.—Mr. H-X-N-K-N H-T-N, having unfortunately retired with a duck's egg, found it utterly impossible to explain his plan for establishing an Imperial penny postage. The disappointed spectators in the cricket-field refused to listen to him.

Cape Colony.—Sir R-CH-ED W-NT-R, having shown admirable discretion in performing the duties of captainship, was invited by the Bench to point out the flaws in President KN-G-N's procedure, *re* the judges of the Transvaal.

London.—On the return of the Parliamentary eleven, the team received the appointment of Additional Masters of the Ceremonies, in recognition of their brilliant association with the greatest of British institutions—the ball.

Bumble on the Bench.

"At the Highgate Police-Court it was pleaded that the owner of a dog without a muzzle was dead. The Bench appeared to think this a frivolous objection, and imposed a fine of 10s. and costs."—*Daily Chronicle*.

O SHADE of Bumble! thine head

This knotty point to clench.

"The law's a hass," as thou hast said—
But what about the Bench?



A FOND DELUSION.

Gerty. "I'M SO BLAD IT'S MOONLIGHT, MUZZER. IT WON'T BE SO DARK IN ZOME HORRID TUNNELS!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART VII.

SCENE—The Garden.

Bowater. Pray sit down, Miss STILWELL. I shall be happy to hear your views with regard to the publication of your—hem—*Stolen Secrets*.

Kezia (sating herself). Well, Sir, I think you'll agree with me it's the sort of story that ought to have pictures.

Bowater. Pictures, eh? H'm! ah! Were you contemplating having them—er—coloured?

Kezia (pleased). That would give the book a handsomer appearance, certainly—provided, of course, it was done artistically.

Bowater (with weary irony). Perhaps you would like the illustrations entrusted to the President of the Royal Academy?

Kezia. If you consider him thoroughly competent, Sir, I've no objection, I'm sure. Though I'd rather see a few samples before deciding.

Bowater. A very proper precaution. However—er—I'm afraid we must give up the idea of illustrations as rather too expensive.

Kezia (bridling). I should have thought myself you wouldn't consider expense any object with a book of real first-rate genius—like you said yourself mine was!

Bowater (to himself). I don't want to lose my temper if I can help it! (*Aloud.*) Real genius, Miss STILWELL, can afford to do without any—er—pictorial aid.

Kezia (sharply). I suppose you mean you can't afford to provide it, Sir.

Bowater. In the present case, most certainly not. Now, as to terms. Have you thought at all what sum you would consider satisfactory?

Kezia. Well, I have heard of lady-novelists getting as much as ten thousand pounds.

Bowater (aghast). But, bless my soul! You don't expect me to pay you that, do you?

Kezia. No. I wouldn't mind taking five thousand pounds for mine.

Bowater. I know very few authors who would. My good girl, don't be absurd! Five thousand shillings would be monstrous enough—but pounds! You really must be reasonable, you know.

Kezia. You'll excuse me, Sir, but I'm not so simple as you think. After all you and the other gentleman said at lunch, I can't help knowing my own value. However, sooner than wrangle over it, I'll come down to a thousand.

[*Bowater rises impatiently, and goes to the drawing-room window.*]

Bowater. Miss LYDE. (*CAMILLA appears.*) Your young friend has made a modest demand of a thousand pounds for permitting me the privilege of losing money and reputation by bringing out this ridiculous romance of hers. I presume that even you will consider that rather too severe a penalty for my—ah—offence?

Camilla (coming out). Oh, of course. I will come and speak to her myself. It's only that she doesn't understand these things.

[*They return to KEZIA.*]

Bowater. Miss STILWELL, it's perfectly impossible for me to pay anything remotely approaching the sum you name, but I am prepared to make you an offer of— (*He names the terms.*) I assure you that for—er—a first book by an unknown writer, that is as much as you are likely to obtain anywhere.

Camilla. Indeed, KEZIA, you will be a very foolish girl if you refuse it.

Kezia. That's your opinion, Miss. But I'm afraid your advice isn't so disinterested as it might be. You're all for yourself, you are!

Camilla. I'm sorry you should think so, KEZIA. I am always anxious to help any literary beginner if I can—especially a friend.

Kezia. There was that friend of yours who trusted you with her story to send to Mr. BOWATER. When I told you just now it had got burnt accidentally, it didn't strike me you were particularly put out. Quite the contrary. It's my firm belief you were rather relieved than not.

Camilla (checking BOWATER, who is about to interrupt, indignantly). Mr. BOWATER, please! Well, KEZIA, I may have had my reasons for thinking it not altogether a misfortune.

Kezia. Ah, when parties are in the writing line themselves, they're not always sorry to see their rivals out of the way. But you mayn't be best pleased to hear, Miss, that I was misinformed about that manuscript. It appears that Cook really posted the parcel after all, and then had the malignancy to pretend to me she'd put it on the fire, and kept the secret till a few minutes ago, just for the pleasure of getting a rise out of me, Miss!

Bowater (to himself). Not destroyed! If it should turn out— But she'd never believe it now!

Camilla. Mr. BOWATER, if that manuscript has reached you, I shall be obliged by your returning it—unread.

Kezia. Well, some people have queer ideas of doing their friends a good turn! Mr. BOWATER, it's my wish to come to an understanding, if possible. I'll say five hundred pounds, to oblige you. If that don't suit you, I'll trouble you to give me my story back, and I'll find some gentleman who'll be glad enough to give me my own price for it.

Bowater (promptly). Since you insist, Miss STILWELL, I shall be very pleased to meet your wishes (*KEZIA'S eyes light up with triumph*), and return you your manuscript as soon as possible, with my best wishes for its success elsewhere.

Kezia. I might have known what all your fine words were worth! You shouldn't have it now if you went on your knees to me!

[*She leaves the garden, furious.*]

Bowater. Thank Heaven, I've got rid of that awful girl! I think you have her manuscript, Miss LYDE. Will you see that she receives it? You might—er—remove the printed rejection form.

Camilla. Yes, we must spare her that. Poor girl, I'm afraid there are more disappointments in store for her. But I shall not allow her to leave me at present, if I can induce her to listen to reason.

Bowater. And now that it seems that your novel has come into my hands after all—you won't really take it away from me?

Camilla. I—I must. You don't understand how I feel about it. I wanted you to like it. But don't you see that, however warmly you were to praise it now, I should never quite— It wouldn't be the same!

Bowater (earnestly). But, Miss LYDE, if I might only tell you. . . . Confound it all—YOUNG ALABASTER!

Nora (who has entered with GERALD, in an undertone, to

CAMILLA). I'm sure Mr. BOWATER has worries enough without GERALD, but he *would* come!

Gerald (stiffly, to BOWATER). Oh, I've brought you your bag. I haven't opened it. After what you said I don't suppose you require my services any more.

[He hands him a small black leather bag.

Bowater. There, there, my dear fellow, I was irritated. I don't remember what I said, but I didn't mean it. I'm glad to have that bag, though, it may . . . Miss LYDE, this is the bag I left at Mr. ALABASTER's this morning. It contains the story I believe, rightly or wrongly, to be yours, also a memorandum written overnight for his benefit, and stating my opinion of the work in no measured terms. I venture to hope that, if you would take the trouble to read it, you could no longer doubt the sincerity of my admiration.

Camilla. Don't be rash, Mr. BOWATER. Suppose the manuscript turns out not to be mine?

Bowater. I'll run the risk.

[He gives her the MS., which she receives with a start.

Nora (to GERALD, in the background). Why did you come back? It's my belief you've made matters worse than ever!

Gerald. It is not my fault if BOWATER will plunge in this reckless way!

Bowater (to CAMILLA, as she finishes reading the memorandum with flushed cheeks). Well, are you satisfied?

Camilla. More—much more than satisfied. I never hoped that anyone would see so exactly what I was aiming at, or praise my work so generously as you have done here, dear Mr. BOWATER. I am very, very proud and grateful.

Bowater. And do you still deny me the privilege of being its publisher?

Camilla. No, no. How could I? Where should I find a kinder and more sympathetic reader?

Bowater. Then you forgive me for my—er—want of frankness?

Camilla (giving him her hand). If you will forget all the horrid things I said to you about it.

Gerald (to NORA). I say, I do believe BOWATER's brought it off after all.

Nora. Of course. I knew it would all come right. And really, it's all my doing. I consider I've managed it uncommonly well, don't you?

Gerald. Oh, come, I say—you might give a fellow some of the credit!

Nora. You? Why, what did you do?

Gerald. Well, I brought the bag.

Nora. Pooh! Any boy could bring a bag!

Gerald. Ah, and any girl can let the cat out of it!

THE END.

THEN AND NOW.

BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS (AN ANTICIPATION).

REALLY nothing so pleasant as packing. Such fun to see how many things you can get into a portmanteau. Won't take any books as the "Continong" will be enough for amusement.

Capital carriages to Dover. Everything first-rate. Civil guards. Time-table not a dead letter. Splendid boats, smooth sea, and a first-rate buffet at Calais.

Dear Paris! Just the place for the inside of a week. Boulevards full of novelties. Theatres in full swing. Evenings outside the *cafés* perfect happiness. Splendid!

En route. Swiss scenery, as ever, lovely. Mountains glorious, passes, lakes. Delightful. Nothing can compare with a jaunt through the land of TELL.

Italy—dear old Italy. Oh, the blue sky and the *tables d'hôte*! What more glorious than the ruins of Rome? What more precious than the pictures of Florence? What more restful than the gondolas of Venice?

And the people even! The French the pink of politeness. The Swiss homely and kindly. The Italians inheriting the nobility of the Cæsars.

And all this to take the place of hard work. Well, it is to come. Bless everybody!

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS (A RETROSPECT).

WHAT can be worse than packing? And after all the trouble of shoving things in anywhere, you find you have left half your belongings behind! And of course the books you half read during your weary travels are stopped at the Custom House.

Beastly journey from Paris to Calais, and as for the crossing afterwards—well, as long as I live I shall never forget it!

Dear Paris! Emphatically "dear," with the accent on the expense. Glad to be out of it. Boulevards deserted. Theatres



THE CONVALESCENT CHAMPION OF ETHIOPIA.

PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS.

playing "reldche." *Cafés* deathtraps in the service of the influenza.

En route! Who cares for Switzerland—always the same! Eternal mountains—yet coming up promising year after year! Sloppy passes, misty views. Beastly monotonous. The Cantons played out.

Italy! Who says Italy? Blue sky not equal to Wandsworth. Rome unhealthy. Art treasures at Florence not equal to collection in South Kensington. Mosquitoes at Venice.

And the people! Cheeky French, swindling Swiss, and dirty Italians!

And yet this is all to be supplemented by the same hard work. In the collar again. Oh! hang everybody!

OUR DOMESTIC WANTS.

[“LADY HOUSEMAID wanted. Clergyman's daughter preferred. Capable, tall, good needlewoman, knowledge of cooking. Caps, aprons. Small family. Sal. £14.—Address, &c.”—*Church Times*.]

GENERAL wanted. Must be lady of title. Excellent references required. Expected to give services in return for a Christian home.—Box B 241.

HOUSEMAID wanted. Clergyman's daughter preferred. Tall, strong, good needlewoman, knowledge of cooking. Caps, aprons. Large family. Sal. £12.—Lady C., 6, The Crescent, Norfolk Breads.

WANTED, Lady Help to take charge of eight children, wait at table, and assist in the scullery. Must give services for first six months, while undergoing instruction in duties.—Mrs. Grindem, Fetter Street, Stonehenge.

GOVERNESS, speaking French, German, Spanish, and Italian required. Knowledge of drawing, painting, and music indispensable. To teach three little girls of impaired intellect. Churchwoman. Meals in servants' hall. Sal. £8.—Gentlewoman, care of Smith's, The Broadway, Brighton.

WANTED, Kitchenmaid, where man cook is kept. Must be lady by birth, good plain cook, and accustomed to dish up entrées. No followers or fringes allowed. Sal. £6.—Apply personally to Housekeeper, The Lodge, Newport, Lancs., Mondays and Wednesdays, between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M.

DAIRYMAID wanted. Refined, well educated, accustomed to hard work, good milkmaid, and early riser. Expected to speak French with elder children in the evening, and play harmonium on Sundays. 25 years' character. Age not under 30. Can lady recommend?—W. 635, *Times* Office.



Schoolmaster. "FOR WHAT WERE THE ANCIENT ROMANS CHIEFLY REMARKABLE? WELL, CORKER!"
Corker. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY UNDERSTOOD LATIN!"

DOMESTIC DISCIPLES.

["Is there any reason why a school of domestic economy should not be attached to every high school and private college for women throughout the length and breadth of the land?"—*Daily Telegraph*.]

In anticipation of the time when this admirable suggestion will be carried out, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit an examination paper for the study of intending candidates.

I. Let A be yourself, and B your husband, and x the contents of your larder (consisting of two mackerel, one chicken, and a small apple-tart). On a Sunday evening B unexpectedly brings home 5 friends to supper. Under these circumstances, simplify the fraction $\frac{x}{A+B+5}$ in a satisfactory manner.

II. (a) If 2 housemaids can smash 5 plates in 4 days, estimate the amount of the crockery bill for 6 months, allowing for "Sundays out."

(b) "Mistress of herself though China fall." Can you truthfully apply this line of *Pope* to yourself?

III. What would you expect your husband to say, and how would you proceed to pacify him, under the following circumstances:—

- (a) His bacon is burnt for the sixth time in succession.
- (b) His study has been thoroughly "tidied."
- (c) An enthusiastic housemaid has scrubbed his pet meerschaum pipe with soap and water?

IV. You live in a small, back street, A, close to a fashionable square of the same name. How would you persuade your tradesman that the following formula is true: $A=A^2$?

V. Write a short essay on the manners and customs of the

Common Cook. Compose a "character" which will satisfy her, and yet be not untruthful for one who cheats, is unpunctual, and habitually intemperate.

VI. Translate into English, comment on, and suggest suitable replies to, the following phrases:—

- (a) "Please, mum, it came away in my 'and'!"
- (b) "And what's more, mum, be put upon I *won't*!"
- (c) "I never gave no followers a blessed morsel!"

VII. Let A be a nurse, B a soldier, and C your children. How often will you expect A and B to coincide at any given point, and the following process to result: $A+B+C=AB-C$? And how soon will you make $A=A-B \frac{\text{heart}}{2}$ + a month's notice?

VIII. State truthfully what food you are able to prepare in the absence of a cook (tea, coffee, and boiled eggs barred). Mention the names of any who have eaten a cake of your manufacture, and add if they are still living.

IX. Can you keep accounts? What proportion of the weekly expenditure do you consider yourself entitled to include under the head "Sundries"?

De Minimis.

Q. "*L'exc-majesté*!" And what, dear Sir, is that?

A. There's no clear definition of the thing.

The nearest one is able to get at,

Is—telling truth of Emperor or King.

For instance, 'tis *l'exc-majesté*, some state,

To say a German Emperor is not "Great."

Which would not matter, not a jot or tittle,

If only German Emperors were less little.



THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

JOHN BULL. "I DON'T SEEM TO BE DOING SO WELL AS I DID."

JOE. "WELL, IF YOU WANT TO GET THE BETTER OF THOSE FOREIGN CHAPS, YOU MUST CHOOSE YOUR FLY TO SUIT THE FISH—AS THEY DO!!"

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



EXTENUATING.

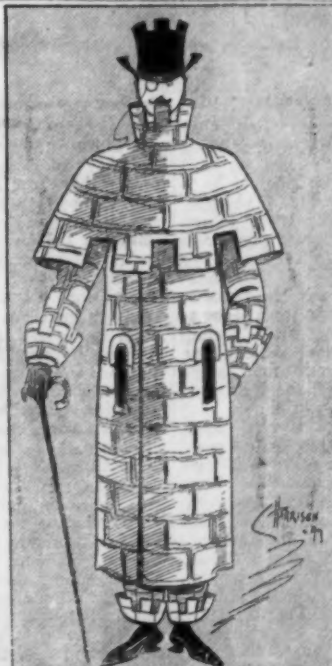
Aunt Jans (looking up suddenly). "BARBARA, DON'T YOU THINK HERBERT'S LEGS ARE RATHER TOO THIN FOR KNICKERBOCKERS?"
Barbara (a fond and proud Wife). "OH, NO, AUNTIE, THEY ARE NOT THIN—ONLY THEY'RE RATHER CHIPPENDALE."

A PHILANTHROPIC PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by those journals which are devoted to the Elevation of the Masses that the London County Council is about to restrain the exuberant voice of the Peripatetic Merchant. In this I am wholly in accord with the Wise-aces of Spring Gardens, inasmuch as it has been for years a daily practice of mine to endeavour to discover what wares the Peripatetic Merchant is extolling. He is always guilty of various howls and yells, which would not disgrace the Zoological Gardens, but otherwise his barbaric discord has no possible meaning to a civilised ear. As I write, a being, presumably with commercial instincts, is parading the thoroughfare in which it is my privilege to reside, uttering a cry which sounds like (written phonetically) "Bur-roo." I have not time to inquire what goods he is endeavouring to dispose of, but possibly they may be potatoes or cat's-meat.*

Suffering as I do from this continual dislocation of the English language, I venture to suggest to the London County Council that it should establish Evening Classes for the Education of the Peripatetic Merchant. Thereat he might be taught to phrase with some regard to vocal and oral common-sense. How pleasant it would be if the Peripatetic Merchant could be instructed (at the expense of the rate-payers) to bawl "Fresh herrings" or "Milk" with articulate emphasis! I

* It appears to have been "firewood," as my racial says.—T. T. (later).



According to the *St. James's Gazette*, Battlement-shaped Hats are to be in vogue this season. Our artist thinks the idea might be utilised for gentlemen's attire as above.

might further suggest that a corresponding class for railway porters should be established, thereby preventing many travellers from alighting at stations whereof the presumable names are "Blinker's Extract of Beef," or "Army Cut Tobacco." Trusting that you will bring this idea to the notice of the respected and intelligent authorities in question,

I am, Sir,
 Your obedient, humble servant,
 TOBIAS TITTLERDAY.

Chortlebury Chambers, Bloomsbury.

P.S.—Allow me to exempt the muffin-man, with his time-honoured and easily recognised bell, from my indictment.

After the Big Beat.

Owner (to Head Keeper, when the "tally" has been told). This isn't up to last year, GUNLOCK!

Gunlock (semi-defiantly). No, Sir; but last year you didn't invite so many members of the Anti-Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Why, the wounded birds is wuss than it was after Waterloo!

[Owner collapses, and invites GUNLOCK to console himself.]

A PORTENT.—MR. JOHN MORLEY said in his wrath, "The House of Lords must be mended or ended." The Member for Sark says the beginning of the end is already marked. Anyhow, the Westminster Pier has gone down.

POPULAR PASTIME FOR A PRISON WARDER.—"Putting" on the "Links."

THE ADELPHI DUKE; OR, THE MIGHTY AT 'EM.

WE must revise our sayings of famous men. The playing-fields of Eton must retire into obscurity, for the battle of Waterloo, with which they have been connected for more than eighty years, is now won every night on the stage of the Adelphi. I have been there, and having seen the ghastly proofs, know what I am talking about.

MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT is at the bottom of the whole thing. If he had never been a pale-faced, deliberate villain, in a muffin-cap, Mr. TERRISS would never have been unjustly persecuted, would never have suffered punishment for being "the man who struck O'Hara," alias Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, and it is manifest that the Duke would never have been able, at a critical point, to despatch Mr. TERRISS with a message that appears to have decided the fate of the battle. A heavy responsibility rests, therefore, on Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, and, when next he visits Paris, I advise him to adopt a heavy disguise, for our jealous neighbours, in whose minds Waterloo is still understood to rankle, might take strong measures with him. In these days of the Russian alliance Siberia is a mere French department.

I am told we are to have a patriotic boom in Wellingtons, just

into his own hands, and has discharged a pistol full at Colonel Aylmer. Judging by the appearance of the Colonel's face immediately after the explosion, the pistol was charged with strawberry jam. The deadly preserve, however, does its work, and Colonel Aylmer expires just as Colonel Wellesley arrives.

In the ensuing interval of ten minutes, fourteen years speed rapidly away. NAPOLEON is in Elba, and the British army, released from war-like toil, is refreshing itself at an inn near Plymouth, which is entirely under the new management of Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS. Mr. TERRISS has grown up, and is now Captain Aylmer, a romantic, pale Apollo of twenty-four. He is in love with Dorothy Maine (Miss MILLWARD). For the fourteenth time he asks her to marry him, and for the first time she accepts. They retire once more "to the brook by the orchard." But Beveridge O'Hara has had his adventurous Irish eye on them, and so has the Swiss landlord, who, having accepted a commission in the British army, has been swiftly promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Rifle Brigade. Anything more uncolonial (if the word may pass in this Jubilee year) than Colonel Lanson I never saw. He wears a muffin-cap and a long yellow coat covered with black braid, and looks exactly like a little boy in an ancient picture-book. He has, however, left his frilled drawers and his



F.M. "The Duke." "Days of the Duke," indeed!

as the French have been enjoying a boom in Napoleons, and that in the *Days of the Duke* is only the first of a series of stirring ducal dramas. I may express the hope that in the rest we shall see something more of our national hero. At the Adelphi he is a mere flitter, a thing of no substance, and the action of the play would get on quite comfortably without him. Somewhere I have read that in a really good historical drama the great personage ought not to be a very prominent figure. The audience ought to have a pervading sense of his being somewhere in the background, controlling the action. But here, though the Duke is unquestionably in the background, I never had the least sense of him, he controlled nothing and nobody, and it was with a feeling of puzzled astonishment that I eventually recognised his fine aquiline nose (admirably played by Mr. CHARLES FULTON), as he advanced to the footlights in a scarlet tunic and the light-blue ribbon of the Garter.

But to the play. When I arrived the Prologue was half over, and, as I had failed to secure a programme, I had at first to piece the plot together for myself. I gathered that a party of British tourists are staying at a Swiss hotel, let us say the *Hôtel Beau Séjour*. The walls are lined with alpenstocks, and the open windows command a noble view of the distant Alps. But trouble is brewing. Colonel Aylmer has evidently disputed the landlord's bill, and the landlord, naturally resenting this display of British arrogance, has summoned the natives of the Canton to help him. The Colonel is torn by anxiety. If he had not been so old and war-beaten, I should have taken him for Mr. TERRISS. The Colonel's wife, a young and giddy thing, much given to tears and prayer, is also in deep distress. But Colonel Wellesley, Colonel Aylmer's friend, is touring in the neighbourhood, and is expected to succour his distressed countrymen. He arrives, but, alas, too late, for the infuriated landlord (Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT), dressed in a Swiss artillery uniform, has taken the law

Never set eyes on such a rummy lot in my time!!

hoop at home. The two villains conspire against Aylmer, who is still in the orchard. In the next scene we find Miss MARION TERRY. She is aged about twenty-two, but this fact does not prevent her from being Captain Aylmer's mother. Mother and son indulge in a scene of affection, the idyllic nature of which may be imagined when their respective ages are considered; the villainous Lanson walks once more chin-deep in wickedness, Miss TERRY passionately addresses the highly-coloured picture of her deceased husband, the picture brutally refuses to answer her, and the act ends. Still no Duke of WELLINGTON.

In the next act Paris claims us. We are all there, Captain Aylmer, Colonel Lanson (*extra-see*, not to say *brut*), Mrs. Aylmer, Dorothy Maine, O'Hara, and Sergeant Harry Nicholls Bunder, who, with Mrs. Bunder, has deserted the inn near Plymouth and flown to the Seine in the scarlet coat and cape of a Salvation Army Captain of the early part of the century. What harum-scarum, reckless, devils of fellows we are! How we gamble at the Palais Royal, while across our scene of revelry stalks the sombre figure of Colonel Lanson, no longer in a muffin-cap, but for all the world like the statue of the *Commandatore* in *Don Giovanni*, followed by Donna Anna and Donna Elvira in the masked shapes of Dorothy Maine and Mrs. Bunder. Sergeant Bunder, it should be added, fulfils his destiny by turning up as a Pierrot. The end of it all is that, spurred to desperation by the French accent they have had to listen to in the Palais Royal, Aylmer and O'Hara fight a duel in a wood beyond the fortifications. O'Hara, as I have intimated, gets struck, I might say pierced, and dies in a flood of repentance and moonlight after he has pressed into the delicate hands of Dorothy a blood-stained letter, which is to explain everything and everybody, and restore cheerfulness to the gloomy brow of Captain Aylmer. And still the Duke remains obstinately in the background.

We are in Brussels, at the Duchess of RICHMOND's ball. What

of uniforms, if I may borrow from my friend AUGUSTE, what of swords and helmets, what of magnificent officers, what of incomparable robes of mail! *Sergeant Bunder* and his spouse have vanished from the play, but the rest of us are all there. Behold, too, Lord Uxbridge and the Prince of Orange, the two handsomest men in the army; and here from a window'd niche of that high hall comes proudly advancing Brunswick's fatted chieftain—thus, and in no other words, would Byron have described him had he but seen his substantially-martial form on the Adelphi stage. But hush! Hark! Did ye not hear it? Yes, yes, it is, it is the sound of the bag-pipes, and in a moment the pipers roll in, escorting four stalwart Highlanders, who look strangely real amongst the ball-room mummers. They don't leave us for an instant in doubt as to their object, for before we can recover from the flutter caused by their appearance, they start on a Highland fling with all the matchless ardour of their race. It is a stimulating but prolonged dance. Henceforth let it be known as the *Pas de Quatre Bas*. And now—aha! *enfin je le tiens, ce Wellington*; at last the Iron Duke appears. He issues a few sharp, short orders, scowls at Captain Aylmer, forgives him, and then bundles himself and everybody else off to the battle-field. *I have seen the Duke of Wellington.*

I need not linger over the last distressing scene—"Hougomont, Morning after the Battle"—except to mention that all of us, including even the Duke of WELLINGTON, turn up there, and that Colonel Lanson, having lived through the night in spite of a hundred wounds—it is his own calculation of their number—finally dies after having, by a gallant lie, ensured the future domestic happiness of Mrs. Aylmer, Captain Aylmer and Dorothy Maine.

THE VAGRANT.

"DOWN SOUTH."

Jersey.—Gorce bears a certain resemblance to what Broadstairs probably was about a hundred and fifty years ago, and the lobster lunch at its hotel recalls pleasant recollections of Swanage.

Note.—Visitors intending to return by a roundabout drive, taking St. Martin's Church, Rozel, and Prince's Tower *en route*, will do well to ascertain a day beforehand that a conveyance shall be at their disposal. "What, no soap? so he died." What, no fly, no conveyance of any kind? No. Not so much as a go-cart or a wheel-barrow. There is a trap, but that, on this occasion, has been ordered beforehand.

So back, by train, to St. Helier's. Visit the Law Courts, where the proceedings are in French; see the Jersey collection of pictures representing events in the island's history; note the spot where PIERSON fell; inspect the principal tobacconists; make purchases ("We shall have to pay duty on everything," grumbles Quick-Sandboy, who has purchased a few boxes of cigars, and finally lose ourselves in admiration of the bronze statue of a podgy little person in the market place, representing GEORGE THE SECOND, to whom the grateful islanders erected this memorial in return for his princely gift of three hundred pounds towards defraying the cost of a pier. Fancy the generous monarch endowing a Jersey pierage with so vast a sum! And so, in perpetual memory of this royal munificence, the satirical Jerseyman had the statue gilt! Perhaps two-thirds of the royal donation paid for the carving and gilding; while the annual interest on the remainder, carefully invested, defrays the annual cost of regilding.

Still raining! But the Sandboys are not to be done by a drenching, not they! So in the true *Mark Tapley* spirit, with Quick-Sandboy representing young *Martin Chuzzlewit*, we take train for the Western side of the Island. We pass by St. Aubin's Bay, obtain a glimpse of St. Brelade, and journey to Corbière, where, unable to refresh our *corps* with the *bière*, we limit ourselves to the expression of "our distinguished esteem," and . . . then return to St. Helier's, to the genial M. LOUIS QUINZE, and heartily do we welcome the dinner he has prepared for us.

Next morning. Alas! Same old rain. The stormy winds are at it again. The fly is at the door, and our barque is on the sea, as our cheery LOUIS QUINZE, in a shining vest of purest white, waves his hand to us; and we, echoing his genial "*Au revoir*," devoutly wish that we could remain until the sea should be calm as the proverbial mill-pond. But *il faut partir*. And the last impression we have of our day-and-a-bit in Jersey is the smiling face of the hotel manager, as he gracefully waves his hat and cries aloud, "*En voiture!* 'Urry! 'Urry! *Allez! En route!*" And *en route* it is. *Au revoir*, M. LOUIS QUINZE!

The voyage, *da capo*, and worse than ever.

Eight a.m. "So early in the morning!" But for a cup of coffee, a bit of toast, a mere bite and sup, we are unbreakfasted. That line of BON GUALTIER's occurs to me, "The unbreakfasted turned blue." There is safety (for me) only in the cabin, away



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

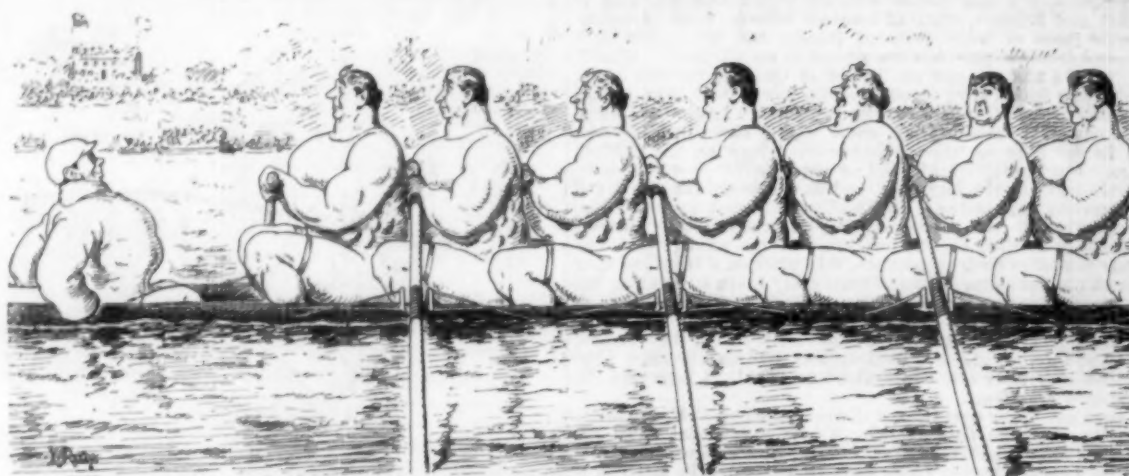
"SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG. THAT'S THE THIRD TIME RUNNING I'VE USED THIS CLUB!"

from my fellow-men, who, as it is Saturday, are represented by a crowd of jovial holiday-makers. How brief is the merriment of the majority!! A few waves—a few big rolls (of the ship) for breakfast, and the crowd melts away, disappears to mysterious depths below, leaving on deck only a few incapables trying to shut their eyes to the stern (and forward) facts. "Farewell the tranquil mind!"

Guernsey.—Comparative calm, and grand opportunity for breakfast. What a breakfast! It is ten o'clock, and we sit down unsteadily, but determined, or perish in the attempt. Somebody has ordered "steak and potatoes," and the savoury d'sh has just been brought in. I suggest to steward that "somebody" cannot possibly manage an entire "steak and potatoes" all to himself. Steward agrees with me: so will the steak and potatoes when I get them. Steward makes a dashing cut at the steak, much to the astonishment of the intending consumer, who, however, is willing to own that it is more than he can tackle, and so it is handed over to me. Never was steak so succulent! never were potatoes so irresistible! And then—"Some chicken, Sir?" Certainly. Chicken be it. "And to drink?" Brandy and soda! Then we are giants refreshed, capable of enjoying ourselves on board the good ship, and compassionating the miseries of others.

The sun shines; weather improves. We catch sight of Weymouth; then The Needles. "Here we are again!" which seems to be the rallying cry of everyone on board reappearing from everywhere, and now thoroughly enjoying the remaining two hours' sail on the comparatively tranquil Solent into the haven of Southampton Water! Even the Third Sandboy has no fault to find with anything or anybody; while we, the Other Two Sandboys, are of opinion (with no extra charge), that there are not many better ways of spending a short holiday than by visiting Jersey, and, *per Jersey*, France, then back again, looking in at all the Channel Islands on the way.

May such a chance, in excellent company, be ours! say the Three Sandboys.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW OF 1898.

[“SANDOW, the strong man, has offered to train the Cambridge crew on his own system, and undertakes to turn out such a crew as has not been seen for years.”—*Daily Paper*.]

OWING TO THEIR MAGNIFICENT DEVELOPMENT AND THE CONSEQUENT CROWDING OF THE BOAT, BUT LITTLE HEADWAY COULD BE MADE DURING THE RACE, AND AT THE MOMENT WHEN OXFORD WAS PASSING THE WINNING-POST, THE ABOVE CREW WAS LABORIOUSLY ENDEAVOURING TO “NEGOTIATE” HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE! (OUR ARTIST’S APOLOGIES ARE DUE TO “BOW,” WHO, OWING TO THE EXIGENCIES OF SPACE, IS BUT PARTIALLY PORTRAYED. IT IS ONLY FAIR TO HIM TO SAY THAT IN BEAUTY AND PHYSIQUE HE IS IN NO WAY INFERIOR TO THE REST OF THE CREW!)

GOOD-NIGHT!

SEPTEMBER clouds the skies with grey,
And cold winds shiver through the rose:
Now swift and swifter every day
Draws to its dark and destined close.
But still, though wind and rain be keen,
Still are the swaying branches green.

For Summer has not yielded yet;
Still in stray gleams her tresses glow.
But, ah! with tears her face is wet,
She lingers, but she turns to go.
And on the air her whisper dies—
“Farewell, damp earth and chilly skies!”

So let her pass; the shadows fall,
I set the ruddy fire alight;
Its glamour flickers through the hall,
A sober silence holds the night.
And as I sit, dim shapes of air
Appear and fade about my chair.

And once again I pace with you
Through that old city, grey and worn,
Where hopes are high and hearts are true,
And life a cheerful Summer morn;
In that serene, familiar place
Where first I met you face to face.

Small care we knew, we had no fear
To mar our joy in earthly things.
We trembled not, we did not hear
The beating of the sable wings
Of one that waited on the brink,
“The angel of the darker drink.”

Oh! joy too fresh and pure to last,
Great days of friendship swiftly fled,
Still to my mournful heart made fast,
With me ye live, ye are not dead!
The hours that linked us man to man
Outweigh a lifetime’s rounded span.

Two years are gone, your welcome voice
Makes music still to dull my pain.
You smile and bid my heart rejoice,
Your friendship cheers me yet again.
I call you, and unchanged you stand,
As first you stood and clasped my hand.

And thus recalled at will, you prove
That death is naught and fate is blind.
Life’s brightness in your eyes, you move
Through the clear chambers of my mind.
This Nature grants, since death controls
Our breath, but not the world of souls.

I take old Omar from his shelf—
He knew the stars, and much beside—
“Go, live your life, and be yourself,
And take the gifts the gods provide.”
Thus still his voice strikes on our ears
Through twice four hundred rolling years.

I shall not know what none may see,
I cannot pierce beyond the stars;
I let the whence and whither be,
Nor beat vain wings against the bars.
But blood still courses through my veins,
And life is mine, and hope remains.

And you, oh! friend of former days,
Be with me, make my purpose strong.
Still through the world’s encircling maze
Help you my faltering steps along.
The last flames flicker, fade and die,
Good-night, dear friend, but not Good-bye.

MEMS. FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN
IMPERIAL TOAST-MASTER.

So many things to do that I must be more methodical. What with my pictures, my music, my preaching, my soldiering, my naval manœuvring, and my travelling, I have scarcely time to arrange my thoughts about speechmaking. Shall jot down a few memoranda to assist me in an emergency.

Rhenish Town.—Lots about the wine land, and what my family did in the past, with the usual peroration.

English Field Marshal.—Talk about the “brave English Army.” It does as well as anything else, and doesn’t commit one to anything. Then, after five minutes, the customary peroration.

Launching a Ship.—Get my brother to do this when I can. Better taste to let my name come from him. Still, I can commemorate the happy event at a distance. Mighty power on the sea. Going to outdo Trafalgar. This kind of stuff by the ton, and then the common-form peroration.

Entertaining a Potentate.—Gush to any extent. Call him a War Lord, in the hope that he will reply, “You’re another.” As the chances are he won’t flatter me, wind up with the habitual peroration.

Annoying Bismarck.—Easily do this by patronising him. In my speech announce my gracious intention of supplying him with a pint bottle of port, or a half a dozen cambric handkerchiefs, or a Dukedom, or something of that sort. When I have secured two or three laughs, conclude with my old-fashioned peroration.

Any occasion.—Safe to talk about my glorious grandfather—leave the pater out of it—and wind up as before.

And now what is my peroration. Well, I need scarcely jot that down. All that I have to remember is that, whatever I may say about other people in the earlier parts of my speech, my peroration must be exclusively about myself.

ALWAYS WITH US.—The Gentlewoman Journalist, on most intimate terms with Crowned and Semi-Crowned Heads of Europe; knows the dressmakers of the better halves of the dynasties.

The Speculator, who has bought two thousand shares in a Klondyke speculation, and asks you to lend him eighteenpence.

The Cleric, without a living, who requires a little money wherewithal to purchase a parsonage.

The Damsel, who is waiting for the return of her fiancé from South Africa.

ADVICE TO INTENDING TOURISTS.—Where to stay? A. At home.

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE has been known for more than
FIFTY YEARS
ALL OVER THE WORLD.

ASK FOR

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,

And observe that
the Signature

Lea & Perrins

is now printed
in Blue Ink diagonally
across the OUTSIDE WRAPPER
of every Bottle.

Avoid Cheap Imitations.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

IN THE KITCHEN.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

Liebig

GOES FARTHEST.

Added to gravies and soups it acts
like a cook's talisman; but always look
for the BLUE SIGNATURE; there are
imitations which do not taste so nice,
and are not so carefully manufactured.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR,

PICKLES, SAUCES,

JAMS, SOUPS, AND

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Are sold by Grocers and Stores
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POLISHES,
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The
"QUEEN"
says—

"Equally good
for everything
it touches."



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A
CREAM.

The "ILLUS-
TRATED
LONDON
NEWS" says—
"It is in every
way preferable
to fluid
polishes."

No. 1.—For Floors, Linoleum, Leather, Woodwork, Furniture and Bicycles, &c. In Tins, 3d., 6d., 1s. and 2s.
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